

Volume LIII
Number 3

PITTSFIELD HIGH SCHOOL

MARCH

1969

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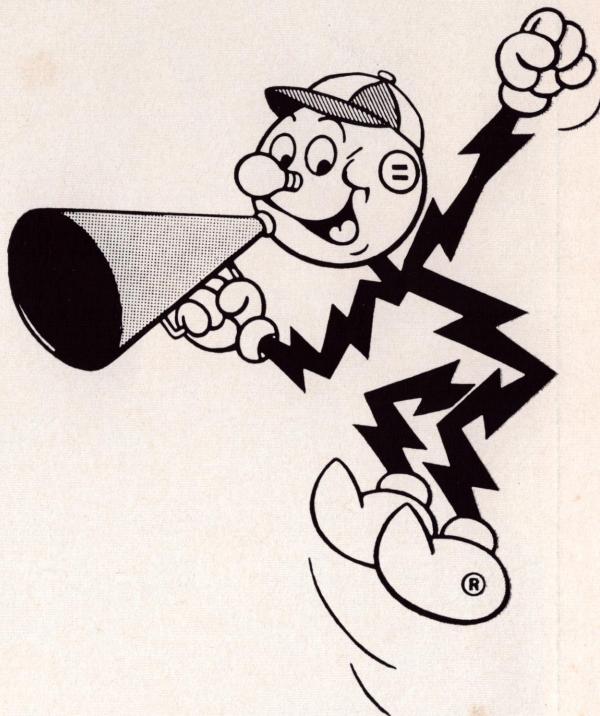
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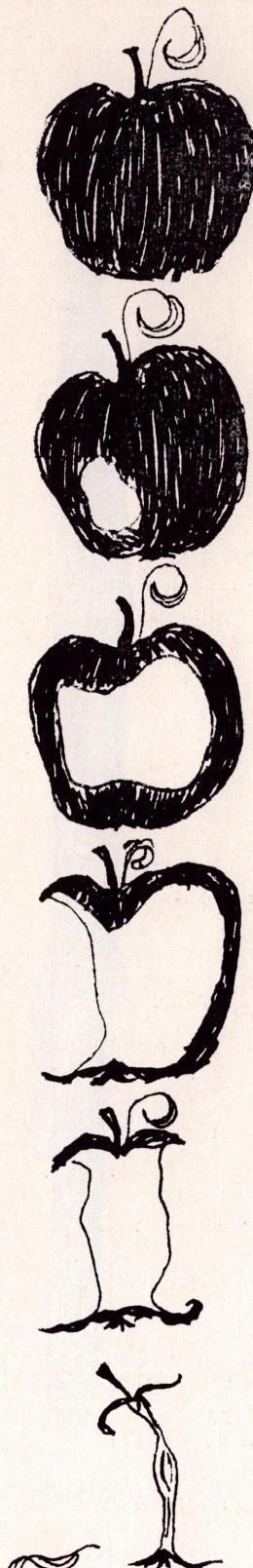
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Polly Steele

MARCH 1969

7

GRAY

SIT BACK and relax.

S Be contented. Be satisfied knowing that mankind is good. For this is a moral world where murder will out and the guilty will be punished. Yes, this is such a reassuring world. Or is it?

Now you stir in your chair. Questions are nagging, aren't they? They're bothersome clusters of words that have the knack of shattering complacency and pollyanna complexes as well. Sure we know that those who commit the heinous crimes are caught and punished. If they weren't caught, we'd be living in a chaos of crime. And we know that that's not so. Or is it?

What about the little guy? Can't he cause a chaos of his own? All the little anyones that swarm the cities and suburbs have made mistakes, committed crimes, been guilty of breaking a law, moral or otherwise. Breaking a law, doing wrong—this includes more than mere traffic violations; this includes the lies, the hurts, the rationalizations told to the wind, the knife-thrusts of pride and greed and envy and lust found universally. But it's not murder to kill a trust or crush an ego. Or is it?

So now we see the average man and we see him colored gray, not the white of innocence or the black of morbid guilt. We see him in the courts passing his gray and cloudy judgment. Who but he is to say that certain ones are guilty or that the guilty are to be punished and the innocent to be spared punishment?

It is he who tries to tip the scales of Justice and to tear off her blindfold. Yet he says that Justice reigns. But how can she when paradoxically he senses that the rich man will somehow be more innocent than the poor man and that the black man will be more guilty than the white man?

Impartial truth has died and disillusionment is setting in.

Sit up and wonder.

Occasioned by the Conference '69

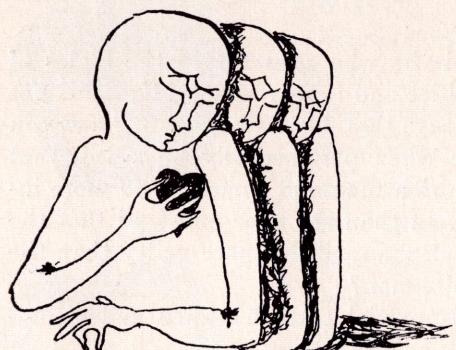
The earth has shaken,
The sky has fallen,
The birds are flying upside down.

Gasp!

Don't drink the water in the puddles,
doggie.
Don't milk the cow until she moos.
Keep all your children in the cellar,
mother,
And worry about the teeth that you will
loose.

For . . . it's a grand day for dying
And all the good men agree
That this never would have been
If the others had given in
And had built the table like we said.

—Carol Pepperman



Dyann Laurin

A Dream

Off the shores of this ancient land
There lies an ancient island,
Rocky and barren,
Windswept and clouded,
Never knowing the footstep of Man.
It is lava and ocean foam,
It is part of the primeval sea.
It is called The Island That Knows
The Age of the Earth.
There is nothing that Man cannot know.

—Carl Greenberg

The Murder of Honest Sam

On Plunkett Street in a house of green
Lived a kindly, old, bald-headed man
T'was the nicest man you'd ever seen
T'was Honest Sam, the Transplant
Man.

His advertising was done free
"Honest Sam," would say his wife
To all her friends who came to tea
"Will change your kidneys and your
life."

The door of his establishment
Was opened by a man named Dan
Who brought with him a bad intent
For Honest Sam, the Transplant Man.

Into the office, Daniel came
And without a shudder put his knife
Within the heart of Honest Sam
Who'd change your kidneys and your
life.

Policemen here don't give a damn
'Cause any man can plainly see
That Daniel murdered Honest Sam
Because of violence on TV!

—Wayne Shepard

Journey ?

A fifth dimension activates your entire
body,
This dimension is powered by feeling
and thought,
Unleashing all its powers; it embeds you
in a prehistoric world,
Here beautiful faces and shrill voices
are seen,

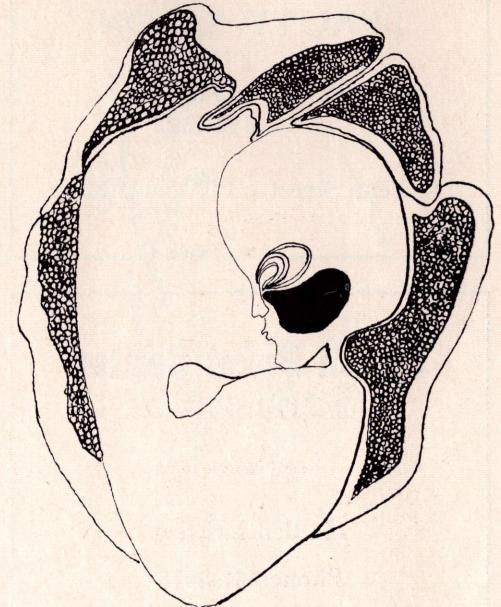
Voyaging on, you're now in the magical
theater of heroes and demons,
The tamer of monsters, the mother of
GOD,
The moon king, and the wanderer,
The whole divine theater of figures,
representing the highest reaches
of human knowledge,

You're now journeying through the inner
space between your atoms,
And piloting space ships to unexplored
parts of your body,
You are alive within the living GOD,
The ultimate power, the human dynasty,

Immortal diamonds shimmering on the
foam of life,
Explode into extreme intensities,
generating a golden brilliance,
While friendliness grasps at your body
and sifts into your mind from all
angles,

Awareness has expanded beyond the
range of your ego,
And you feel the time to return has
come,
You must free your mind, and glide back
through the dimensions to the
world of Civilization ?

—Rick Gonzales

**Late November**

"Open your eyes," said a tall, green tree.
"I saw you sleeping in reverie.
Days are greyed and white with snow
Which is still no reason for you to go
Way deep into your golden bed
Yawning and resting your shade-cast
head."

—Lorraine Simo

Also Unfinished

Pretty kitten
Just a'sittin'
On the tabletop
Looking through the window pane
Watching people in the rain . . .

—Carl Greenberg

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Velvet Haze

Terrorized—

I walk the path;
My mind is weak,
Confused.

I know no one;

I trust no one.
There's nothing left
to lose.

Too long I stayed
Behind the walls
Where no one could get in.

For years I prayed
In darkness—
Repenting for my sin.

Until one silent evening
A door was opened wide;
A light shone in
And beckoned me
To try to reach outside.

Tearfully—
I watched that door;
My mind was in a daze.

So carefully
I made my way
And caught a glimpse
Of velvet haze.

And now I cry
Remembering
My anguish and disgrace,
While someone walks
Outside these walls
And I resume my pace.

—Patricia Ann Hyde

Daisy

May your life be holidays,
Holy Days,
All the days
Of your life.

—Carl Greenberg



Dyann Laurin

Pretense of Justice

Why are we judged on earth by men who
know
But little of a deed? And why, I ask,
Do men pretend to know the end, when
just

A part is shown before the wicked world?
The graceful ladies gorge themselves on
gossip;
And gallant men assume the rôle of God
To satisfy the ever-present urge
Of men to kill or wound a former friend,
So they may seat themselves upon his
throne.

—Lisa Farrell

“THE INDETERMINATE”

“there are two ways of teaching and power, one of Light and one of Darkness . . . over the one are set the Light-bringing Angels of God, but over the others Angels of Satan.”

—Epistle of Barnabas

HE CAME IN the night and stole silently away before the dawn. He came stealthily, yet he came with purpose. He came for all, but this night he came for one. His name was Thanatos.

It was time for Edmond Butcher and, uncannily, he sensed that his hour had come. How often does Death make himself known through the unnatural perception of his intended victims! A usurer, Edmond possessed great wealth, but wallowed in the squalid poverty of his own morality; his name was virtue but his soul was corruption. He revelled in debauchery and spent his days in the gravest of moral depravity and in the exploitation of the innocent. He had renounced the Church and all its services, worshipped no god and loved no man but himself. The townsfolk he had taxed and ruled had stood quaking in mortal fear of him; but this night, while Edmond lay dying, there was wild carousing and rejoicing in the streets of the village below.

Tonight he would embark upon a journey which would inevitably lead him to the damnation of his sinful soul—and he was afraid. It was Death he awaited throughout the damp and chilly eve; trembling on his deathbed, he watched in dread anticipation of terror for the grim phantasm he supposed Death to be.

It was almost midnight when peace came to the valley; the mad celebrations were at an end, and the fog rolled over the slumbering village. There was no moon, and the velvet blackness was thick

and stifling. The last muffled strokes of the churchhouse clock brought two visitors to Edmond's room. He was not sleeping, and started at the sight of the shadow-swathed figures; sweat trickled from his brow and his hands were icy. His heart writhed within him as he experienced the pain of terror. One of the figures was tall and spare, in black from head to foot, and carried a small, much-worn black book, in which he appeared to be writing as he approached the bed. Looking at him, Edmond saw a face of unexpected beneficence; a kindly, pitying, sympathetic face, creased in lines of duty and responsibility. He perceived the second figure as it emerged from the deepening shadows. It, too, was lean and lank, but here ended the resemblance. The latter form was dressed loudly. He wore tight-fitting black and white striped trousers, high patent boots, and a slimly tailored black coat. The ruffles of a white satin shirt spilled over onto a vest of yellow brocade. In the pocket of the vest shone the gleam of a gold watch-fob; on his head was perched jauntily a top-hat of shiny black satin. The stranger's face was long and thin, and he wore a small jet-black mustache and goatee. His teeth gleamed in a smile of evil malice. Beholding these two spectres, Butcher gave an agonized moan and shrank against the bedclothes; for Thanatos was with him, and his companion was Satan.

Thanatos reached a pale, blue-veined hand toward Butcher. “Come,” he said, in a voice of infinite and far-reaching pathos—and Butcher wanted—oh, so desperately to come, to be at peace. “Yes desperately to come, to be at peace. “Yes, do come,” added the Devil, “do—we've waited for you a long time.” Ed-

mond paled and clutched feverishly at the bedpost. “But of course, you must know you've got to come; my dear man, would you deny me?” And Butcher knew that he was condemned. “By the way,” added the devil, “you can call me Mr. Brim.” Edmond did not now fear the death of his body, he feared for the life of his soul. His thoughts were trapped in a maze of hopeless desperation as he struggled for a mental foothold. In his traffic with men he had been shifty and crafty. His stock and trade had been manipulation—but only of those weaknesses that were in his nature to sense. But these were not men, and he sensed only impregnability. The situation called for an act of reckless daring with the sweep and scope of concept to rival the vanity of his adversaries. The Devil grinned a sharp, white-toothed grin. Thanatos nodded solemnly. Edmond gathered his faculties and prepared to do battle. “Sirs,” he said, and there was a glint and gleam in his eyes, “would you give a dying man one last chance to defend himself? Grant me a tribunal—to defend with me my soul; to prove I do not deserve the punishment you have marked for me.” Mr. Brim arched an eyebrow and turned to whisper to Thanatos who listened palely and heaved a deep sigh. Brim contemplated the floor for a few moments, then turned lazily back to face Butcher. He began to pick his teeth in an irritating manner. “All right, my man, it's a deal. Neither I nor my companion have had such a diversion in centuries—whom would you like on your”—here he stifled a snicker—“on your—ah, agenda?”

Trembling in anticipation, Edmond gave their names. Spinoza. Schopenhauer. Nietzsche. Richard III. William Shakespeare. Croesus. P. T. Barnum. Ernest Henley. And when he was finished, Death raised a thin, white hand,

describing an arc which seemed to include all of Heaven, Hell, and Purgatory—and there in the room stood the men whom Butcher had chosen.

Each was dressed in the garb contemporary to the period in which he dwelt and was immediately recognizable as a sepulchral replica of some familiar portrait we had all seen. There was one garment in common, however. Each member of the unearthly coterie wore a Nessus' shirt.

“Well?” inquired Mr. Brim contemptuously. Thanatos was still. He knew he would *take* Butcher—but who would *have* him? Heartened by hope, Edmond began to speak. “I have no church; I have no god. And I live as Edmond Butcher, not by blind subservience to the commandments of a vague divinity. I live by what gives *me* the greatest satisfaction, and I live well. Is it not the duty of a man to live while he may? Ah, Mr. Schopenhauer—did you not say that the two greatest enemies of human happiness are pain and boredom?” The spectre nodded gravely. “Wait!” cried Brim, and strode to where the spirit of the great philosopher stood. He glared. “Hmm,” he mused, “don't I recall a rather sickly pious statement of yours, Mr. Schopenhauer, concerning that 'there is no more mistaken path to happiness than worldliness, revelry, and high-life'?” “I have been happy!” interjected Edmond feverishly. “Ultimately?” smirked the Devil. Butcher appeared to ignore this remark. “Am I to be condemned according to the laws of a church in which I have had no part? To be called to judgment before a Truth in which I do not believe?” “Truth is sought by all men,” put in the spirit of Spinoza “each man first knowing what the Truth is.” “To me, Truth is the pursuit of my own happiness, my own desires, and my own passions. And I have fulfilled *my* Truth to the best of my

ability." "May I quote," inserted Mr. Brim, "a second thought from our learned friend." He swaggered to the center of the room, grasped his lapel theatrically, and began: "Avarice, ambition and lust are but a species of madness, though not enumerated among the diseases". Casting an archly significant look at Butcher, he added, "Are you mad, Edmond?"

The contempt in the words, the simpering disdain of the manner—Butcher felt the lash cut into something more vital than flesh. They were out for him. The cards were stacked; he didn't stand a chance and he knew it. Somewhere, from deep within him, came a feeling of prodigious strength; its power completely took hold of him; it was pure white fire.

Now his legs felt solid under him; his chest felt strong. His burning eyes fixed on the Bard himself. "Do you remember what your Polonius said?" He inflected his words with fierce command. "This above all: to thine own self be true." The old fraud didn't know what he was talking about—but he hit the nail on the head. Haven't you all said, in so many words, that life is an empty, dirge-like catalogue of hypocrisy and pretense?"

"Well, this is my point, my case. I have always been true to myself; yes, *true*, even while being false to my—what? Fellow men? Hah! To my dear, greedy, pompous, sanctimonious neighbors? They were the ones who were out to cheat the next man, by any means, fair or foul. And all under the guise of self-righteous manners, mind you. I merely beat them at their own game. P. T. Barnum over there had a word for them; said there was one born every minute." This last comment brought laughter from the creatures. This was good.

"Gentlemen, has my life been unproductive? Has it been colorless and vapid? Have I cringed? My deals were on a magnificent level. Not those of a tout. Or an entrepreneur. It was industrial genius—like Croesus over there"—to which Croesus' rejoinder was: "You've got to break crowns to make crowns—and Devil take the hindmost!" "If I cheated, it was on a high plane—like Will's characters. Nietzsche—didn't you say that life was 'a hundred times too short for us to bore ourselves'? You fellows know what I mean. You have been my lexicons. Whenever I put over a shady—er—big deal, I always remembered your words, Richard, 'conscience

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is but a word cowards use, devised at first to keep the strong in awe'. And how about the strong, Ernest Henley, in your 'Invictus'? 'I am the master of my fate, I am the captain of my soul'?"

"Yes, I could be truculent, I could be ruthless like John Hathorne over there, but Devil deliver me from *his* puritanical soul! I may have spoken of dreams like you two poets, but I didn't buy them any more than you did. You made soft words and pretty phrases out of the fabric of dreams, but you made good and sure that they paid off in fame and royalties. Outside of their commercial value, dreams never entered my scheme of things. To me, Life was reality, it was there for the plucking—this beautiful thing we call Life. You have all had your day—there is too much hunger in me yet. I don't intend to join you, you see," and he looked meaningfully at Nietzsche, "I am not a nihilist, an ascetic, or a sufferer. If you must take me, take me the way I am. But let the fires of Hell extinguish me forever."

"I will not change, I tell you, I am what God made me." With these words, a stunned and incredulous look came into his eyes. It was as if a dummy had come to life and was searching accusingly

for a ventriloquist who had left him with words he could never recant.

The forms about him were becoming hazy and indistinguishable. There was a low murmuring of spectral tones nebulizing into an obliterative vortex, then a void. Only the two original figures remained. Mr. Brim looked wryly at Thanatos. "Our candidate here wasn't very cordial to the—er—group; he has an insolent tongue. I always hated positiveness. A bore, Thanatos, a bore." "I have other appointments tonight," Thanatos said warningly, "and you must accompany me." "Yes, yes, 'each man for himself, and the Devil for all'; is that not so, Thanatos?"

But Death reached out to touch Butcher. Edmond was sinking; gradually his thoughts became misty, and he was weak and oh—so very tired. He was swept into a vast efflorescence and then darkness swallowed him. And he fancied he heard a voice from the far-reaching depths of infinity: "Welcome!"

He looked down on the smooth surface of the river Styx and saw his hurtling image. It was then that he saw the Nessus' shirt—and understood that there would never be any rest.

—Jean Marie Segnalla

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GHOSTS (abridged)

1

JAMES WATKINS closed his eyes and pressed them into their sockets to see blue neon spirals, floating green and red images, yellow streaks, white flashes, and a multitude of other shapeless, timeless, transient figures that disappeared into a wall of a thousand billion tiny white specks, an eternity away. He had been doing this for quite a while and his eyes were beginning to hurt, so he removed his hands from over them, sat himself back on his cot and practiced existing. There wasn't much else to do. He had spent many, many year-long days in the cell, but he was not quite sure how many. There was no window through which to see a sunrise or sunset; he didn't have his watch; and the guard, who came by only infrequently and with no evident purpose in mind, would only say passively, "Please be patient. There are others to be tried before you," and move on.

Since he had been put in the cell, he had had to spend the time as best he could. He spent several hours walking around in a circle with the goal of wearing the floor down to the foundation. Another time, he sang ribald songs as loudly as he could, making up his own verses when he ran out of ones he knew. He tried counting to infinity, but gave up at 357,760 or something like that. He played hop scotch with an imaginary stone. He kicked the wall a little. He whistled. All in all, he could not remember when he had ever been quite so completely, thoroughly, and entirely *bored* at any time in his entire life.

He had not been fed during the entire time that he had been there. Nevertheless, he didn't feel hungry, which would seem odd considering the amount of time

he had spent there. Also he couldn't sleep. He tried counting sheep jumping over a fence, but it became difficult when they began coming over in two's and three's, and when they stamped, he gave up altogether.

James ran his wrinkled fingers through the remnants of his white hair and sighed. Rest was good for a seventy year-old man, but this was overdoing it. Suddenly, the latch on the door moved and the door opened. The guard came in and pointed at two men in the hallway. "These men will escort you to trial."

* * *

2

The big bell outside the little red building clanged out its message that school was over for the day. Jimmy Watkins, six years old, bounced through the door amidst ten others of various ages, all raising a cloud of dust that settled on the bottom of Mrs. Dewitt's ankle-length dress. Clutching a piece of crayon artwork created that day, Jimmy ran laughing and playing with the others down the road. The warm spring sun shone down on them and they became red and sweaty and finally, almost simultaneously, they slowed to a walk.

As they walked, they showed each other their crayon drawings and argued about whose was best until, suddenly, one of the boys turned and shouted, "Quiet!" They all stopped talking, turned, and looked down the road and listened. With the aid of the Nebraska breezes over the plains, they picked out what, at first, sounded like a distant buzzing or growling. It came from the direction of a large cloud of dust left on the road on top of the second hill from the children. Whatever had made the cloud, was now in between the hills and heading toward Jimmy and his friends. They all waited nervously.

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Then they saw it lurch over the hill with a roar—a big black monster with a man inside. The girls and some of the younger boys screamed and they all ran as fast as they could away from it, down the road, but it was coming at them at an incredible speed. It kept getting closer and closer and louder and the children screamed more and ran harder and then, the monster passed them, its four wheels kicking dust up into their eyes.

Suddenly, the children seemed to have a change of heart. Instead of stopping now that the thing had passed, they decided to chase it down the road. Savagely they tore after it, hair and arms flying in the wind. Then Jimmy heard a scream and looked back to see a little girl about his age lying in the dirt, her face distorted by pain. Jimmy ran after the demon carriage, oblivious to the hopelessness of the chase, until the thing disappeared over the next hill and they all stopped, exhausted. Jimmy looked back at the little girl and watched her slowly stand up and limp onward, a large, reddish-brown gash in her knee. Then the boy decided to hurry home and get a cookie.

* * *

3

When James Watkins first walked into the courtroom, the first thing he noticed about it was how unlike other courtrooms it was. High above everyone else sat the judge, as usual. There was one chair on a lower platform to the left of him and, on the floor level, out about fifteen feet in front, there were two other chairs facing them. In one sat a secretary who was reloading his typewriter. Two men were carrying out a large file cabinet through one door on the left side of the room, and on the right side, a middle-aged man was closing a door over which glowed the fire-red letters of an "EXIT"

sign. Another man came forward from the front of the room as the middle-aged man sat down in the second of the two floor-level chairs.

The man greeted Mr. Watkins and began to explain the procedure of the trial. The middle-aged man was the prosecutor; Mr. Watkins was to act in his own defense. The trial would be easier in the beginning while he got used to defending himself. Then the man swore Mr. Watkins in, got some other pre-trial business done, and told James to sit in the empty chair on the platform.

James sat in the chair and waited calmly while nothing happened. Finally, the two men brought in another file cabinet and the prosecutor fished out a folder. After looking inside it for a while, he walked up to James and said, "You are James Matthew Watkins, born April 3d, 1899 in Aurora, Nebraska?"

"Yes."

He nodded and walked away. A moment later he came back, still looking through the file. "Not bad. . ." he muttered. Finally, he looked up. "You've made a pretty good life for yourself, Mr. Watkins," he said, then started flipping through the folder. "Head of the automobile division of National Enterprises, Inc. for nineteen years . . . \$110,000 home . . . not bad at all . . ." He walked back to the file cabinet, slapped the folder shut, and laid it on top. Then he walked back and, rubbing his hands, said, "What do you think, Mr. Watkins?"

"About what?"

"About your life. Are you satisfied with your life? Do you think you've had a good life?"

"Well, yes."

"Why?"

"Well, I had a good job, a nice home, a happy marriage, some fine children

and grandchildren to be proud of, a nice income . . .”

“A very nice income. What did your father do, Mr. Watkins?”

“He owned a farm.”

“Why didn’t you become a farmer like your father?”

And so the trial went. The questions were not hard, mostly how’s, what’s, and why’s, and an occasional what-do-you-think-about-such-and-such type of question. After what was probably a few hours (there were no clocks), the judge told him he could go back to his cell.

“When will the verdict be in?” James asked the middle-aged man.

“Oh, Mr. Watkins, the trial is not over yet,” the prosecutor smiled. “On the contrary, it has just begun.”

* * *

4

James Watkins sat in his cell, huddled in a corner on his cot. His lips trembled, sweat dripped down his face, his shaking hands ran up and down the stone wall. He had lost count of the number of times he had been to trial. The first few times had not been hard, but each session was more difficult than the last. The last three or four times, the guards had had to help him back to his cell.

James looked at the wall and the tiny holes in the stones, and thought about how tiny the holes were and how cold the stone was. Tiny holes, he thought, such tiny, tiny holes. Such cold stone and such tiny holes. Tiny holes and cold stone. Tiny and cold, tiny and cold, tiny, cold, tiny, cold, tiny-cold, tiny-cold.

Then he heard the latch on the door move and the two guards walked in. “It’s time for another session, Mr. Watkins,” said one.

“No, no, please, don’t take me now. Not another session. Please, let me rest. Don’t take me now. Please, not now,

please . . . please . . . not now . . . please . . .”

* * *

5

Middle-aged Jim Watkins, executive in the automobile division of National Enterprises, Inc., was driving a company car on a rainy summer afternoon while Chuck Rand, a fellow executive, sat opposite him giving directions, when they came to an intersection.

“Here, this is it,” he cried. “Left here.”

Jim turned left. “Now what?”

“Go straight for an age.”

They sat without talking for a few minutes while Chuck looked at the scenery. Finally he broke the silence.

“McHale showed me his plans for next year’s models.”

“Any radical changes from this year’s?”

“Not much. Better streamlining, new grill. That’s about all.”

“I hear one of our competitors is coming out with some sort of safety addition for their 1934 model.”

“Oh, yeah, solid steel something-or-other—solid steel turret roof. We’ve got some people trying to duplicate it for ours. We have to compete and all that.”

“It seems ridiculous to me. People have been driving cars for decades without them. Why add them now?”

“Don’t complain to me about it. It wasn’t my idea. Look out for this guy up here.”

“Looks like his car broke down. Should we pick him up?”

“Nah, let him walk. Say, one of us may be in for a promotion.”

“How come?”

“Henderson (bless his merry soul) seems to have come down with something. Rumor says he’s planning to re-

tire. If he does, there’ll be another big shift, and one of us could be involved.”

“Needless to say, Chuck, I hope you drive off a cliff and kill yourself.”

“The feeling is mutual. Guess what.”

“What?”

“I think we were supposed to turn right back there.”

“Beautiful.”

* * *

6

“All right, Mr. Watkins, tell me about charity.” The session had been going on for nearly what would have been two hours, and James Watkins was a knife-edge away from a nervous breakdown.

“I gave . . . a lot . . .” he replied weakly.

“Yes, according to your files, you gave more than \$400,000 to assorted charities.”

“Doesn’t that count?”

“Why did you give it?”

James put his hands to his face.

“According to your files,” the middle-aged man continued slowly, “you received more than \$700,000 in tax deductions.” He paused, then, “Is that why?”

James nodded vaguely, but suddenly he looked up. “But, I gave it nonetheless, and it helped lots of people. I did give it. Doesn’t it make a difference?”

“Yes, some, Mr. Watkins, considering what would have been done with it had it been paid to the government, but not that much. You see, we are not judging you on your actions, we are judging you on your motives. You may have brought the Doom of Hell down upon the world, but if your intentions were good, you would not be punished here. If you were concerned about the life of someone who was dying, say, of a heart attack, and you were driving him to the hospital, ignoring speed limit signs and traffic lights, and you hit and killed three pedes-

trians along the way by mistake, and he died before you got there anyway, you would be rewarded here, because you were trying to do good. So, we’re not concerned with what you do, we are concerned with why you do it. James lowered his head again and the middle-aged man continued, a bit more quietly. “Did you ever want to help someone, Mr. Watkins?” No answer. “Oh, sure, you did things to help people, but always for outside reasons. Charity for tax deductions, safety devices in your cars because of competition or because the government forced you to put them in, things like that. Do you realize how many lives could have been saved had those safety devices been put in sooner? Come to think of it, there were times when you actually thought of helping someone on your own, but you never carried those thoughts through.”

The middle-aged man stopped and watched Mr. Watkins, sitting bent over, his face buried in his hands. Then he continued, “Are you proud of your life, Mr. Watkins?” No answer. “Do you think anyone misses you now that you are dead?”

“My wife?”

“She misses your income.”

“My children?”

“All they cared about was getting their share of your wealth.” James nodded quietly. “Is that all?” the middle-aged man asked. James nodded again. “Mr. Watkins, has your life been a success? Did you accomplish anything worthwhile?” James shook his head. “I think, then,” continued the prosecutor, “that the trial is over. What is your verdict, Mr. Watkins, and what sentence do you impose?”

James lifted his head and realized that he was to condemn himself. Then he saw the fire-red letters of the “EXIT” sign

and knew what they meant. Slowly he stood up and walked down the stairs of the platform. At the bottom of the stairs, he straightened his back and walked to the door. Just as he was about to open it, the middle-aged man put his hand on the door and held it shut.

"You were condemned, Mr. Watkins, before you came here. All this is just part of an agreement between the two sides. No one is given a sentence like this without understanding why."

"Who are you?"

"I am called Mephistopheles," he smiled. "When the court was incorporated, no one from 'the other place' could

be found to act as prosecutor, so, with the Master's approval, I volunteered."

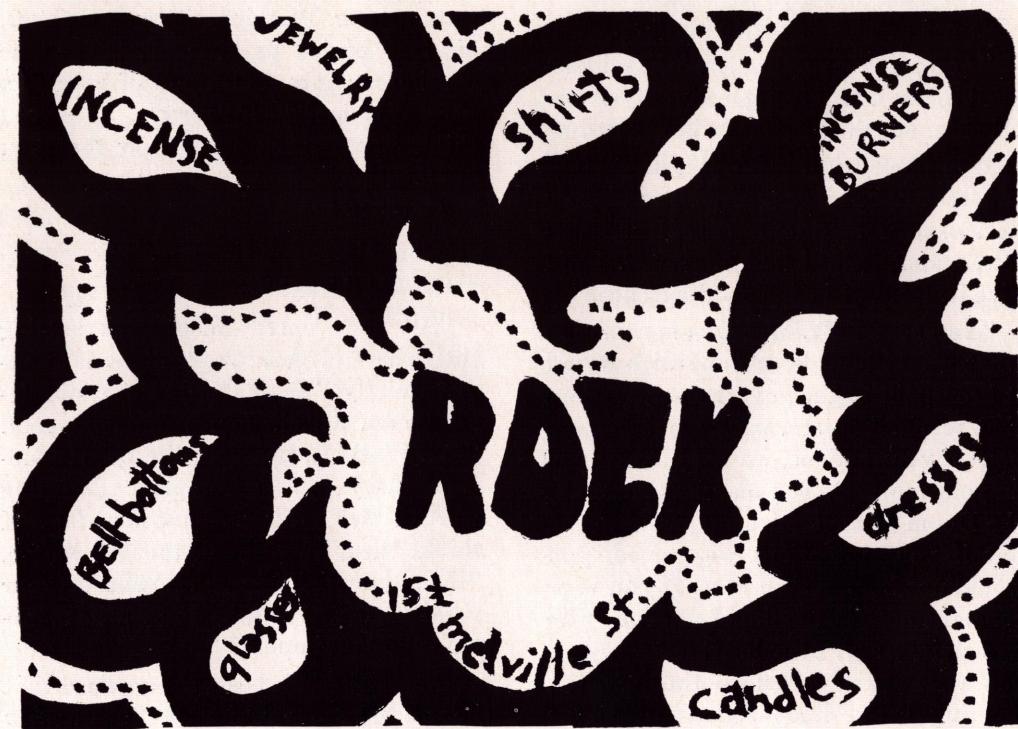
At that moment, the door at the back of the court opened and two guards led a powdery-faced, red-haired woman in.

"Who's she?" James asked.

"Oh, yes. She's going to be an especially enjoyable case. She was a gossip columnist."

They grinned at each other for a moment while she was briefed. "Don't look so happy," James warned. "You'll never convince her." With that, he turned, opened the door, and walked into eternity.

—Wayne Shepard



NO THANK YOU, MR. PRESIDENT

ESSAYS

UPON CONSIDERATION of the way in which fame is foisted upon the unsuspecting individuals of our galaxy by fickle fate, I enter into an intense period of traumatic nail biting which often lasts for days or even weeks at a time. For when my number comes up, I will have to turn away. Naturally, as a baseball player, I'd make Babe Ruth look like a bush leaguer; as Secretary of State, I'd bring everlasting harmony to the world; as an author, my books on modesty would never tumble from the best seller list; and as President, there'd be nothing I couldn't do. We all know this. "Why then," you ask, "why do you turn from humanity's call?" A better paying job in industry is not the reason I so callously refuse history's beckoning —retirement is the culprit.

Whenever a great man retires, he fades away to an old farm to live out his years in well-deserved relaxation. To while away these years, he writes his memoirs, which every American reads to avoid accusations of sympathy for our brothers of the Eastern Hemisphere and Marxian ideals. I have hay fever, cows give me gastric nausea, and my memories are of a type not conducive to greatness, as I was brought up rather poorly.

My first memory shows me running from a car, stubbing a toe on the curb (stupid dog), and subsequently bleeding all over my grandmother's bathroom. (She's hated me ever since.) That doesn't hold a candle to cornering the Tibetan yak market or selling gingerbread, stolen from Aunt Maude, in order to raise money for U.S. Savings Bonds (Series B).

"Forget it," you cry, "live in Manhattan. Remember your second memory first. Your country needs you!" I am overcome by your flood of emotion, but, choking back the tears, I show you why this is never to be. My second memory is worse. At age four, during an infrequent tantrum, I bit a hole in the neck of Teddy. (Teddy was my teddy bear. I wanted to call it Sophia, but my elders, fearing a scandal had its name legally changed.) Enraged (not about Teddy's name, although I was not particularly pleased with that situation either, but rather about the hole in the neck) I smashed the poor little animal against the bed post until the stuffing oozed out. My mother came along with the vacuum cleaner and sucked up his guts, leaving me with a lasting impression and Teddy's head precariously attached to his void, flannel epidermis. For weeks I carried the thing on my belt, but then came wash day. Wash day always terrorized me because I would be forced to sit around in my nighties until everything was washed, and then I'd get yelled at for leaving Kleenex and/or apricot cookies in the pockets. Mommy was always yelling at me. (Mommy was the name I called my mother. My elders wholly approved and didn't attempt to have her name legally changed.) On this particular day I left Teddy on my belt. He shrank miserably, but I kept him anyway. The other kids' mothers got one look at that shrunken head and I was put on the "Forbidden to Play With" list just below Daddy's power saw.

The memories get worse as I look over

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my life in retrospect. Can you imagine some little kid somewhere in America (jelly on the face throwing a root beer bottle down the garbage disposal) who idolizes a childhood vampire who bled all over his grandmother's bathroom. It's Un-American. It's even Un-British. It's French. (Actually the French don't care what they do as long as they pronounce it correctly.)

"But we could forge your memories. We could get someone in from Madison Ave. who could do a real bang up job," you implore me. But we both know this wouldn't be right. So, the world will suffer for it. Some you win, some you lose, and some you don't even dress for.

—Richard Levinson

Julian's Horse

Led by one she never knew
Into a field of trampled grass
Side to side with brothers and sisters
Amidst a volley of arrows and spears
One pricks her side; she stumbles at last
She falls, but takes her master, too.

Julian's horse is lying still,
Slow to die upon the hill.

—Wayne Shepard

**MORAL
DEGENERATION
FOR FUN
AND PROFIT**

IN THE little town of Saint Fauna, France, lived the poor but honest Kevin O'toole, his wife, the poor but honest Martha O'toole, and their poor but honest twelve-year-old son, Garth O'toole. You see, Garth inherited the name O'toole from his father, and his father, married a girl with the name of O'toole, so, by some strange twist of fate, every member of the family had the same last name. Strange are the ways of fickle fate.

This poor but honest French family was a prime example of the lowest of all wretchedly poor French peasants. The father was a moral degenerate and the mother was a gardener. She gardened for one of the most beautiful rose gardens in all of France; praised by everyone, including that poor but honest slob, Garth. So envious was he, in fact, of the owner of the garden and the breeder of all those beautiful roses, that he pledged that he would devote the rest of his life to developing a rose more beautiful than any in the world. This he did.

At the degenerate age of sixteen, little Garth took all his worldly possessions: his comb, his mouth spray, and fourteen yen, which is about equal to three Amer-

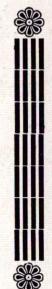
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ican cents; tied them all up in his hand-kerchief, and walked to the coast of France, a distance of about 400 miles. But Garth didn't mind, because he was young and strong and used to hardships. When he arrived at the coast, he immediately booked passage on a cattle boat bound for the United States. Although he had to sleep with the cows, eat with the cows, and talk with the cows, he didn't mind, because he was bound for America, land of fortune and equal opportunity and fertile soil and moral degenerates, and he was eager to start work on his roses.

He arrived in New York after a few months on the boat, and quickly inquired as to where he might find the flower capitol of the U.S. A lot of people didn't answer him because they thought he was some kind of a degenerate nut because he smelled like a cow and went around talking a language that few people knew how to speak or understand. Until he got to Greenwich Village. There he felt right at home. The people there were like him —smelly, dirty, and unable to speak correctly.

Someone soon told him where to go, and within two days, he had reached San Francisco, the "flower capitol of the U.S." He applied for a job at the Ruskie Flower Shop, a wholesale distributor,

who dealt in all kinds of flowers. They just happened to have an opening for a smelly, degenerate, French rose expert, so, without too much competition, he got the job.

They set Garth up at the Ruskie shop with his own laboratory with test tubes and tuning forks, and distributor caps, and a bathroom and a refrigerator, and a whole bunch of other scientific equipment, and told Garth to start working. "Start working!" That's what they told him to do. And start he did. He soon had every type of rose known to man lined up along the shelves and the floor and the bathroom, and even in the refrigerator. He had them all lined up because he was going to start to experiment with them; cross breed them, and test them to try and find the "One Rose, The Rose of all Roses, the O'tocle Beauty."

He experimented with acids and bases and salts and he even tried using grated cheese, but nothing seemed to work. He tried using red roses, pink roses, white roses, black roses, and blue roses, but to no avail. He just couldn't seem to find the right combination.

One night, just a few minutes before he was to give a lecture at the high school about "Symbolism and How it Relates to Contemporary Literature," he was

doing some last minute experimenting. His new formula had worked out perfectly, on paper, but now was the time to try it. He took a petal from a red rose, a petal from a white rose, and a petal from a blue rose, and placed them in a beaker (a scientific name for a glass) half full of H₂O (scientific for water). To this he added two squirts of Sen-Sen and a tablet of Serutan and waited for the explosion. Nothing happened. He put the beaker over a Bunsen burner (scientific name for a match), and still nothing happened. Miserably disheartened, he put the beaker in the refrigerator, and proceeded to get dressed for the lecture. He doubted if he would be able to give his speech. After all, how can you talk about symbolism when your whole world has just crumbled beneath your feet?

The lecture went reasonably well, considering the blow that was dealt to him earlier. He broke down in the middle of his speech and went out and was sick for a little while, and when he returned, he found that the three students and pet monkey who had come to the lecture had gotten up and left in disgust.

Thus, he could go home early, which he did. When he went to the refrigerator to get a bagel, lo and behold, there it was, just sitting on the shelf next to the Coke, his "Dream Flower".

Needless to say, Garth had accomplished his goal. He quickly sold his formula, made a mint, and went back to France, crying "Lock Mama! Lock Papa! I've come to release you from the bond of poverty and make you rich." Garth did just that, too. Soon the O'toole family was the richest and most famous in all the world. Mr. O'toole was the best dressed man in all of France, but he was still a moral degenerate. Mrs. O'toole could now afford to drive around in chauffeur driven Volkswagens, and she seldom had time to work in the garden, being president of the social club and all. Garth followed in his father's footsteps and became a moral degenerate.

Thus and so, the whole O'toole family lived happily ever after in their little home town, and were loved and respected by all the people around them.

—David Meacham

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"The Passion of Sacco and Vanzetti"
Guilt or Innocence

In 1931-1932 Ben Shahn found a narrative subject in which he could express his personal style and great interest in contemporary personalities. He has recorded with profound imagination the trial and eventual execution for murder of the American-Italian anarchists, Nicola Sacco and Bartolomew Vanzetti. The case of Sacco and Vanzetti concerned the murder of a paymaster and his guard by two men armed with pistols who carried off the payroll of a shoe factory, amounting to \$15,776.51.

Charged with the crime of murder on May 5, Sacco and Vanzetti were put on trial May 31, 1921, at Dedham, Mass. The presiding judge was Webster Thayer of Worcester. The chief counsel for the defendants was Frederick H. Moore, a professional defender of radicals, and considered an "outsider" by the court.

Conflicting evidence was given by 59 witnesses who testified on behalf of the Commonwealth. Also, the Commonwealth's theory was that Sacco did the actual shooting and Vanzetti was in the car.

Ninety-nine witnesses testified for the defendants. Proof was offered that the men were elsewhere. Sacco was in Boston applying for a passport, according to an Italian consulate official. Several customers backed Vanzetti, a fish peddler.

During the trial the defendants shared several disadvantages: their alien blood, imperfect knowledge of English, unpopular social views, and opposition to the war. All of these factors led to their conviction of murder in the first degree on insufficient evidence.

"The Passion of Sacco and Vanzetti"



is typical of the uncompromising directions of Shahn's early style. He used bold, flat design, bizarre characters, and a style which gives ordinary things an eerie atmosphere.

Ben Shahn is obviously satirizing the decision of the court. The lilies that are held by the two counselors stand for purity, used ironically to represent the lack of compassion shown the men. A subtle hint of injustice is present in the background, in which the right hand of a respectable judge is raised in vows of impartiality.

Ben Shahn's tempera on canvas, "The Passion of Sacco and Vanzetti", is found at the Whitney Museum of American Art in New York.

—Ellen Metropole

Atlas Shrugged

Atlas Shrugged by Ayn Rand is supposed to be some kind of great novel. It's certainly of great length; one thousand eighty-four pages of small type, but I found its proclamation of lofty ideals rather exaggerated, along the same lines as Abner Yokum's comic strip patricism.

Miss Rand, (a pseudonym, she's really Mrs. O'Connor) shows us a small group of alleged super-heroes of alleged super-integrity who are attempting to bring the world back from the brink of desolation. It seems that governments have become extremely apathetic, issuing orders, or directives, meant to force charity out of the industries for the vast majority of the people who are underprivileged (too lazy to work). The nationalization of all the major industries has forced most of them to fold up, and the world races to a state of universal poverty.

Obviously, Miss Rand is anti-socialism. Too obviously. Though the story is interesting, the ceaseless calls to arms against the approaching welfare state and the constant spouting of heartfelt allegiance to capitalism and the making of an honest dollar were too loud to make them worthwhile.

The covers of *Atlas* proclaim it to be a "daring view of life." Granted that few people's lives are as rich as Miss Rand's heroes', few people achieve such success with their own ability, but I hardly think that a liking to make money is a daring view of life.

John Galt, the leader of the gang of industrialist heroes, has to make a speech of more than fifty pages just to say, at the end: "I swear—by my life and my

love of it—that I will never live for the sake of another man, nor ask another man to live for mine."

Somehow this "daring" sentiment is supposed to be so worthy of the fifty pages of buildup, that if you don't think it was worthy, then you don't truly understand it. It seems to me that that is an awfully phony way to get out of an emotional argument about its worth, and that is the trouble with the novel, it is too emotional. It seems that Miss Rand has focused on this sentiment and become caught up in it. She even likes free speech too much; at the end of the book, she writes us a note saying, in effect, that the fact her book was written and published proves that there are men in the world such as she writes about in her novel.

I doubt that she means her publisher is a superhero, and she would be too modest to mean herself, so she is probably speaking of those people like John Galt and the others, but there is a major difference in these fictional characters—they proclaim their goodness too loudly, as if they are shouting the word "sex" because they've discovered it's not a dirty word.

To finish by saying something nice about *Atlas*, I will mention that the plot is interesting. The methods the industrialists used to fight back from their private paradise behind the sign of the dollar and the behind the scenes looks at the railroad and steel industries are rather enlightening.

Even the philosophy, though exaggerated (perhaps because exaggerated), is somewhat enlightening, for we are reminded that living and working are nice things to do.

—Carl Greenberg

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By William J. Lederer

The co-author of *The Ugly American*, who has served twenty-eight years in the United States Navy and has since been an observer of the Southeast Asia scene, has written a brilliant, thought-provoking account of our involvement in the Vietnam war. Unlike the usual emotionally-packed and poorly thought out arguments against American involvement in the war, this book is based on first-hand experience and information. Mr. Lederer has no intention of merely accusing the nation of a serious mistake, but points out specific instances in which we are committing grave errors in the conduct of the war, and proposes a few solutions to this national problem.

First, claims the author, Americans are not familiar with the history, culture, and language of Vietnam, and therefore cannot communicate with the Vietnamese people. Few Americans in Vietnam can speak the language, and those who can are able to communicate with the native only on a most elementary basis. We use South Vietnamese soldiers as interpreters, and, because they do not know English well, give us information which is either incorrect or misinterpreted. Nor can we understand that the Vietnamese people do not distinguish between the North and South of their country; therefore, many give aid to the Viet Cong.

The history of Vietnam has been one of continuous conflict since the end of World War II, when the Americans came to the aid of the French in 1945. The natives regard *any* foreigners—French, American, or Communists—as enemies, so it is very difficult for the United States to get much co-operation from the natives.

The author also points out vividly the presence of a huge black market in Viet-

MARCH 1969

nam. While a black market is almost always in existence during a war, the one in Vietnam is conducted on such a large scale that our soldiers use the market to buy what South Vietnamese personnel have stolen from the P.X. and sold in the black market. Of course, some of these articles—supposedly sold for the convenience of the G.I.—fall into the hands of the Vietcong. A few of the South Vietnamese workers who are in charge of seeing that food and medicines from America get to poor Vietnamese hamlets sell these goods to the V. C. One story is told in which an American army company had captured a Vietcong stronghold. They found among the booty a refrigerator—with American antibiotics inside.

The author proposes several possibilities to end our dilemma in Vietnam, including some which have already been put into practice, such as the cessation of bombing north of the DMZ and including the National Liberation Front in any negotiations. He also would like to see elimination of the adviser system, and the use of American rather than South Vietnamese personnel wherever possible. After the war is over, he urges a new method in the formulation of foreign policy on a long-range scale, and the training of experts with the knowledge of foreign countries. Most important of all, he wishes to see the military personnel overseas become more aware of the history and culture of the nations in which they serve.

The war in Vietnam is not the fault of one individual or several errors made on the military level, but rather the fault of a majority of American people who do not fully understand what is happening there or what the consequences of such a war will be. It is up to us to find out what is going on and why—as well as what we can do about it. —Ethel Harris

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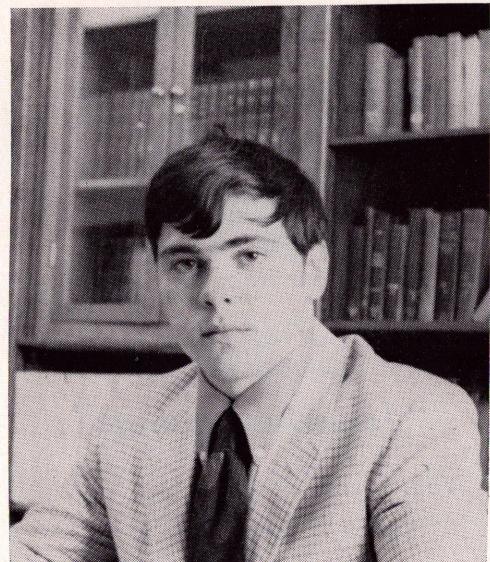
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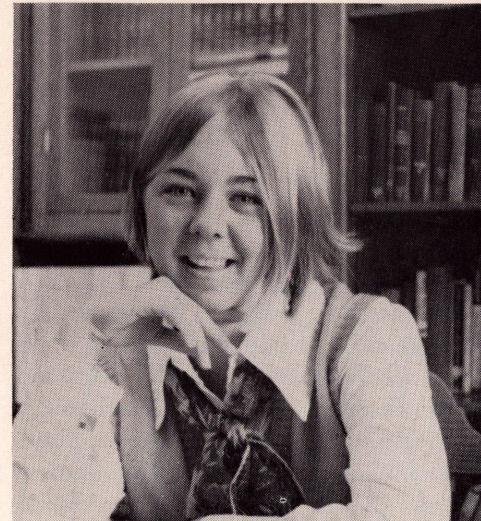
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**GENE FITZGERALD**

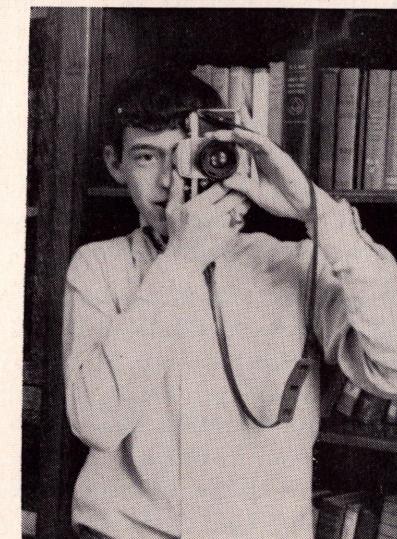
Known to all sports fans is Gene Fitzgerald, captain of the hockey team. Mustering his team to victory, Gene has made this year's hockey team a great success. Even with many hours of practice on the ice, he has found time to work part-time at the Melody House. Strangely enough, all types of art are his major hobby, and in the future, he hopes to attend Middlebury College.

**JUDY LINSCOTT**

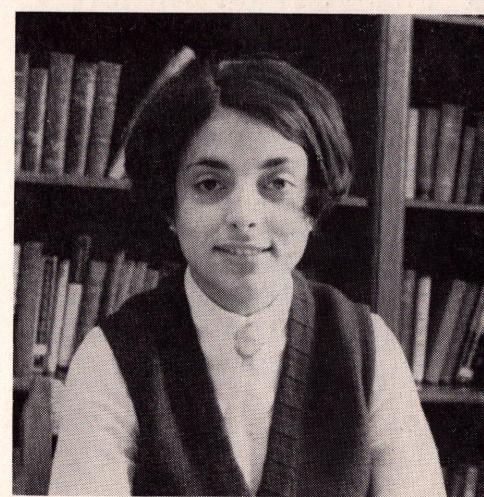
A familiar and busy girl around Pittsfield High is Judy Linscott. Judy, who is an assistant editor of *The Student's Pen*, works long and tedious hours making *The Pen* a success. She is also the co-chairman of the Senior Publicity Committee and is active on the art staff of the *Dome*. Enrolled in the C.P. curriculum with A.P. English and History, Judy finds time for many outside activities. Her main interest is working with children which she does by teaching Sunday School and tutoring. As for her future plans, Judy hopes to attend college, but is yet unsure of what she will major in.

**ANNE HILL**

It would be hard to find a more active girl than Anne Hill, the Treasurer of the Student Council. Anne is well qualified for this position having been on the council for the last two years. She has recently won the Brotherhood Award and is now competing for the Top Teen-age Award. Outside of school, Anne teaches swimming at the Girls Club and is a ski instructor at Jiminy Peak. She hopes to attend college at either Jackson or the University of Colorado.

**BETSY GREGORY**

Meet Betsy Gregory, the peppy, talented co-chairman of the Senior Class Play. This type of work is hardly new to Betsy, having played a part in last year's play, *Oklahoma*. Besides managing the play, Betsy is the Photographic Essay Editor of the *Dome* and a homeroom representative. She also takes Advanced Placement English and is a member of the Honor Society.



"Funny Business"

We've all seen the funny things kids do in school, but have you ever wondered what they do after school? Let us inform you!

A familiar face at the elementary school is Pam Montini, bopping around the city on that groovy traveling library, the Bookmobile.

Need a good cow milker—how about Pete Merrill who gets up early each day to take care of those hard working cows at Western Hok Farm.

If you've been to Bousquet's ski area lately and battled the long line for a ride on the T-Bar, you most likely saw Brian Pinsonault performing the back-breaking job of handing you the T-Bar. Watch out—it could be dangerous.

Even a relatively calm job may have its exciting moments. For example, Elaine Nacorcheuk, a candystriper at Pittsfield General Hospital, recently found herself on an elevator with a body on its way to the morgue!

A strange sight can be seen every Sunday morning at four o'clock—Dave Pierce delivering bundles. If you happen to be out jogging, look for him.

Next time you pay a visit to the Doctor's Park on South St. notice the cleanliness of the building. The reason—Don Blassicli fighting the war against dirt.

Finally, we have to hand it to Don Leonard and Larry Rice—not just anybody can be a flower boy at William's Florist. It takes talent, and a vast knowledge of flowers which we're sure they have.

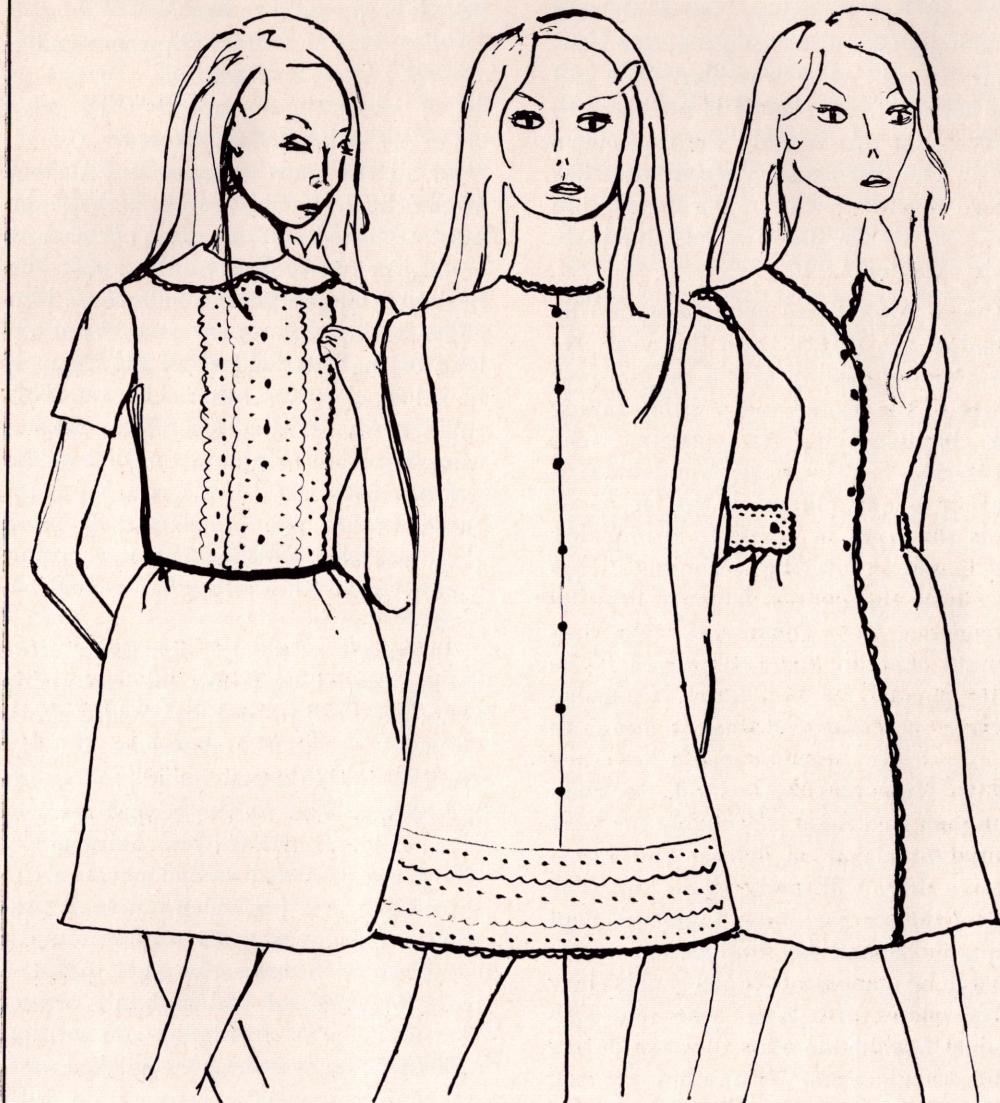
National Honor Society

The Longfellow Chapter of the National Honor Society, which was introduced at P.H.S. last year, inducted its members Tuesday, March 11. After a candle lighting ceremony, introduced by Mr. Coughlin, there were speeches on the qualities stressed by the National Honor Society: character, scholarship, leadership and service. These were given by members Kevin Marzotto, Stephen Graves, Carol Pepperman, and Marcia Culver, respectively. Superintendent of schools James P. Reynolds presented the members with their pins, and an address by Mr. Murphy followed.

Members of the National Honor Society are expected to supplement their assigned school work with individual study and will be excused from exams with their teacher's permission.

The members of the Longfellow Chapter are: Edith Bach, Elizabeth Barbour, Robert Cella, Susan Connor, Marcia Culver, Gail Cummings, Linda DelGallo, Hedy Fischel, Margaret Flowers, Paul Gniadek, Stephen Graves, Elizabeth Gregory, Ethel Harris, Lawrence Keller, Christine Kiontke, Kathleen Maruk, Kevin Marzotto, Pamela Metzler, Dean Nikitas, Carol Pepperman, Susan Russell, Robert Sawyer, Mary Skochinsky, Lorraine Simo, Laura Tremblay, Judith Wildman, Mary Wiswell and Mary Wood. The Chapter advisors are Mrs. Barbara Pennotta, David Quinlan, Miss Dorothy Rhoades and Louis Roberts.

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Our Boys on Ice

At our last assembly, Neil Eddy was laughingly awarded a solid concrete Iron-Man Award. After watching Neil and the hockey team play it is not hard to realize that this is truly the iron-man's sport. The fast-paced, rugged sport has drawn record crowds to the Boys' Club this year to see the Generals dominate their opponents.

Coach Moffat has good reason to be proud of the P.H.S. team this year. He has hopes of placing within the top four places of the league and possibly taking the championship. His captain, Gene Fitzgerald, has the most formidable reputation of any player on the ice. Gene leads the team in goals. It is probably his magnetic playing techniques that have been the greatest factor in drawing attendance. Dave Toomey, the team's alternate captain, has also proved to be quite rugged on his skates. Opposing players soon discover what it means to be physically over-powered when they try to force this general off the rink. Iron man Neil Eddy is probably the most consistent player on defense and an offensive drive will rarely elude him. The rest of the starting line-up includes Paul Wanamaker and Jay Collins, two rough guys to be up against. In the goal is Gary Fitzgerald, a little giant who comes up against formidable odds to make daring split-second saves. Two other players, Mike Murphy and Don Troy, have also proved themselves most able, being second and third on the team's scoring roster.

Mr. Moffat has forecast that the most dangerous foes to P.H.S. are Classical, Chicopee, and Tech., and so far his predictions have proved to be accurate.

Perhaps if the team can show its best at every game and come through in games away from home, its opponents

will discover that in 1969, Pittsfield High School is the team to beat.

—Mike Dessereau and
—Steve Jaffe

The P.H.S. Skiers

Of all the sport's teams at Pittsfield High School, the Ski Team is perhaps the most neglected, but deserving of the most credit. As you probably all know, in the beginning of the year, a rule came into effect stating that a person could not belong to the Pittsfield High Ski Team if he belonged to any other ski team. This rule was finally lifted (justifiably so) because it would eliminate the best skiers not only from the P.H.S. team, but from those of other high schools as well. Then there was a bit of discrepancy in choosing a new coach while other teams had already begun practice.

The newly selected Coach Estes, after having two short weeks to prepare his team, managed to lead Pittsfield High to victory over all the Berkshire County High Schools in a slalom and cross country competition. In the second meet, a giant slalom, our boys took third place. The team captured second place in the third meet, one for which it wasn't prepared. This event was an impromptu arrangement because the team took the place of a school which didn't arrive. The fourth was a jumping competition against Lenox, in which we finished first. At an interscholastic competition with all the Berkshire County High School Teams held at Butternut Basin, the Pittsfield High Skiers took four of the first seven positions.

Once again, for the ninth consecutive year, our team skillfully managed to take first place in its major trial, the Interscholastics. This is the most important event because all the Berkshire County School teams compete in it. Among the key men were Jimmy Dripps, who came

in fourth in slalom and sixth in jumping, Jimmy Vandergrift, who received second place in downhill, fourth in cross country and fifth in jumping, and Larry Litscher, who gave strong performances in all events. Also contributing greatly to the team's performance were Dave Walak and Joe Wood by their excellent standings in the jumping event. Joe Wood was the victim of bad luck when his ski came off. He lost points because of this. Rob Cella also deserves mention. After taking a bad spill in the downhill, it was believed that he was seriously hurt. He came back to take seventh place in the slalom.

—Tom Sacchetti
—Ray Goodrich

P.H.S. Wrestling

Perhaps the least known team in P.H.S. is the wrestling team! However, Coach George Sylvester has brought forth one of the finest winter sport's teams this year. During the regular season the team compiled a remarkable 12-3 record. The only league loss came at the hands of the Western Mass Champions, Springfield Tech. At the Western Mass. Tournament, P.H.S. lost to Tech by a mere six points, (129-123) and as a result they placed second among the eleven schools that competed. Despite placing second, the P.H.S. team was the only school that qualified all fourteen wrestlers for the state meet (to qualify a

wrestler must place at least fourth in his weight class). Among those that qualified were four Western Mass. Champs; Joe Philips, Bill Koziara, Jay Aronstein, and Keith Thompson. At the State Meet held in Lowell, Mass., P.H.S. finished fifth among the forty schools entered and it also qualified three wrestlers for the New England Championships. Jay Aronstein, Bill Koziara, and Ronny Bordeau. Three long years of practice conducted by Coach Sylvester accounts for this year's success. Another important factor which contributed to the success of the P.H.S. team was the fine leadership of co-captains John Perkins and Jay Aronstein. They led us to many big and important victories, namely over rivals St. Joe and Longmeadow. (P.H.S. beat St. Joe 50-6, and Longmeadow 31-20). Sylvester will once again be faced with the difficult task of rebuilding his team upon losing eight starters at graduation and possibly others with the establishment of Taconic High. The 1970 season should prove to be a very exciting season as a result of this change. Along with the ever improving St. Joe team, the P.H.S. team will be faced with another rival—Taconic. There are, however, numerous juniors and sophomores that show great promise of being able to represent both high schools in Western Mass. competition.

—Richard Blais

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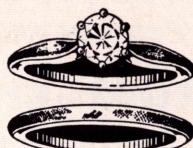
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Co-ed Volleyball

On one Wednesday night, eighty co-ed volleyball players ignored homework assignments and braved the alternating drizzles of snow and rain to make the journey to the P.H.S. games. The event, of course, was GAA co-ed volleyball. By 7:00 the five courts in the two gyms were filled and the players were making vigorous use of the practice time. Then the fun started. Teams were made and the games began. As each team played every other team, we had an opportunity to witness the talents of our various opponents, both as individuals and as teams.

Some front line players had trouble learning how to rotate, and therefore didn't bother. Others played two courts at a time, and tension increased as we all fought for the P.H.S. co-ed volleyball championship. At times it seemed as if the object was to spike the ball off the opponents' heads or to knock over the wall behind them. Casualties were minimal, however, and it was all in the spirit of fun. At 8:30 sharp, the final whistle blew and our eighty happy sweating heroes put down their balls and staggered into the snow.

—Terri Pink

Round Robin Volleyball

After three Tuesdays and Wednesdays of hard practice, the girls' round robin volleyball teams were finally chosen. There were six junior teams and five senior teams. Each junior team played one another and the seniors did the same. At the end of the tournament, the winning juniors played the winning seniors. The junior team consisted of Cheryl Bond, Jackie Conti, Cathy Glassanos, Joan Halperin, Sue Hardesty, Ann Powers, Abbie Sherer, Joyce Wilks. The senior members were Mary Conuel, Sally Creran, Ann Hill, Joan Germanowski, Linda Klemanski, Bonnie Richards.

Nancy Swarts, Judy Smith. After a two-out-of-three game playoff, the juniors were victorious. Each of these girls will receive numerals. Congratulations to both teams.

—Joan Halperin

Swim Team

The P.H.S. Swim Team, suffering from a shortage of members finished its season this year with a 6-6 record.

Last year, the team lost standouts such as Phil Glassanos, Dave Marchetto, and Greg Eason. There were only two Seniors on the team this year; Andy Coty, doing the diving, and Brian "Fitch" Walsh, an all around swimmer based in the backstroke. The rest of the work was done by a strong squad of Juniors, led by co-captains Steve Strang and Doug Snyder. This year's scoring honors went to Bob Wheeler, one of Western Massachusetts' strongest freestylers. Scott Smally, Paul Bagley, Dave Walker, and Chris Ward rounded out the group of seven Sophomores from last year. First year men Dick Levinson, swimming the long distances, and Jim Kindl, a backstroker, came through with many clutch performances that made the difference in several close meets. Three Sophomores, Alan Bagdonas, an extremely fleet "sprint man", Keith Anderson, and Joe Boivin, also proved capable enough to earn positions on the team. A large group of reserves backed-up the starting team; collecting many second and third places, which are vitally necessary for victory.

Since only the two Seniors will be lost next year, the team will be a top contender for Western Mass. honors. However, the impending division of the school does much damage to the team. Either way, the Generals will be there again, next year, trying to sink their opposition.

—Dave Crea

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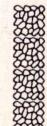


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Walter T. Murphy

When we asked P.H.S. graduate Walter T. Murphy, new Director of the North American Public Relations Services Office of the Ford Motor Company, for any words of wisdom he might wish to bestow upon us, he replied only this: "Really, this is fairly easy. Please ask your mother and dad what *they* want you to do, how *they* want you to act, the hopes *they* have for you, and then follow their advice. Your parents have the experience, the wisdom, and more important, the love to point out the proper paths for you and your classmates at Pittsfield High School. You can't miss."

Francis J. Roberts

Brigadier General Francis J. Roberts graduated from Pittsfield High School in 1935 and entered the United States Military Academy having stood number one in the competitive examination for entrance. Since then he has worked himself through college and up through the Air Force's ranks to Brigadier General. At the present he is the Deputy Chief of Staff, Alaskan Command. He has received five citations, including the Legion of Merit which he was awarded this year. Dear Students,

First of all, I should say that in my many trips throughout the country—including all 50 states, plus Puerto Rico, the Virgin Islands, Panama, and Wake—

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I have never come across a finer community for a young person to be raised in, than Pittsfield. It is a wholesome environment where the activities of young people form a sound basis upon which future development can take place.

With respect to my memories of high school days, I remember, in particular, the fun there was for us in participating in Boy's Club, YMCA and playground athletics. I think it is significant that during baseball and football seasons, the young, male teachers used to come to Springside Park to play against us in friendly pickup competition. We played for the love of the game, but at the same time there was instilled in us a competitive spirit which has ever since been helpful in facing the challenges of life.

I recall fondly, too, the high school and church societies which afforded us an opportunity to socialize with young ladies, while at the same time we learned how to organize and administer our activities.

Of course, I must make specific reference to the teachers, because they are the ones who spend their lives helping young people. They do it in a variety of ways, some subtle, some direct.

I have never regretted that I chose to devote my life to the service of my country. I know of no more worthwhile purpose, and can think of very few which are comparable. This way of life has also

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afforded me an opportunity to assist, in a host of ways, many non-Americans in other areas of the world. People who want to enjoy the type of freedom we have in America. People of every race, creed and color. This seems to be in consonance with the type of purpose which students of today are seeking.

Our present-day students have grown up in an America where very few people really lack material values. The challenge that once existed in that arena is no longer there, so now students are searching for other fields. They are more concerned with human relations and with what can be done to make this a better society. Certainly, there is much to be accomplished in this area, and only young people have the initiative, the daring, the stamina, and hopefully the acumen to pull it off.

But, if they like to work with people, particularly young people, then the Army affords just that opportunity—for the Army *is* people . . . and young people are still our most precious commodity. There is no position of greater trust than that which befalls a commander with soldiers responsive to his directions and guidance.

Although command of troops is still the basic duty of an officer, and by far the most rewarding and satisfying of all assignments, today's demands entail an unbelievable variety of tasks which must be fulfilled by military people. You name

a specialist and the Army has a field to match it. For officers, this requires graduate study in our leading universities and colleges. In other words, an advanced education paid for by the government.

As for myself, my career has led me from command to high level staff and back. Each time the responsibilities have gotten greater, but the work has continued to be ever more interesting and challenging. Just now, in order to respond to you, I stopped work on polishing an address which I'll give in October before the Alaska World Affairs Council on the Role of the Military in the Development of our Foreign Policy. Fortunately, my experiences permit me to speak on this subject from first-hand knowledge. I did have a White House phone on my desk throughout the Kennedy administration and I am well aware of how the government operates at the fountain-head. Likewise, I can refer to my recent experiences in Europe where I sat on the most important working committees in the North Atlantic Alliance, and was involved intimately with not only the military aspects of defense affairs, but of their political, technological, economic and psychological facets as well.

Sincerely,
F. J. ROBERTS
Brigadier General, USA
Chief of Staff

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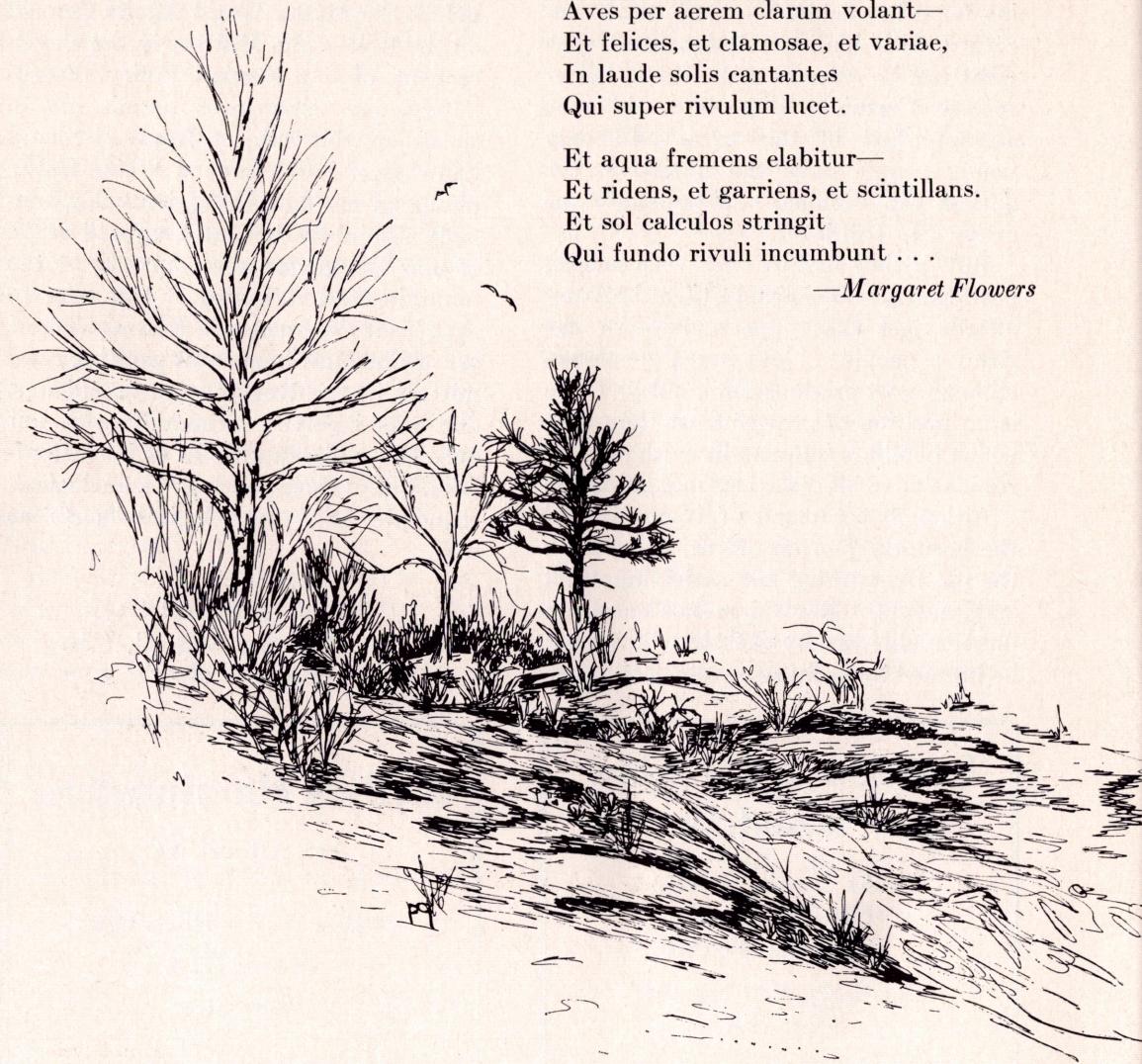
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Qui fundo rivuli incumbunt.

Croci in flores effuderunt—
Et fulvi, et albi, et purpurei,
Puncta varia in nive moventi
Apud rivulum currentem.

Silva arborum stat granditer et superbe—
Et acera, et betulae, et pinus.
Rami et frondes emergentes
Umbras pallidas super rivulum iaciunt.

Aves per aerem clarum volant—
Et felices, et clamosae, et variae,
In laude solis cantantes
Qui super rivulum lucet.

Et aqua fremens elabitur—
Et ridens, et garriens, et scintillans.
Et sol calculos stringit
Qui fundo rivuli incumbunt . . .

—Margaret Flowers

The Brook

The murmuring water glides on—
Laughing, babbling, sparkling.
The sunshine glances off the pebbles
Which lie on the bottom of the brook.

The crocus have burst into bloom—
Yellow, white, purple,
Colorful dots on the melting snow
Beside the rushing brook.

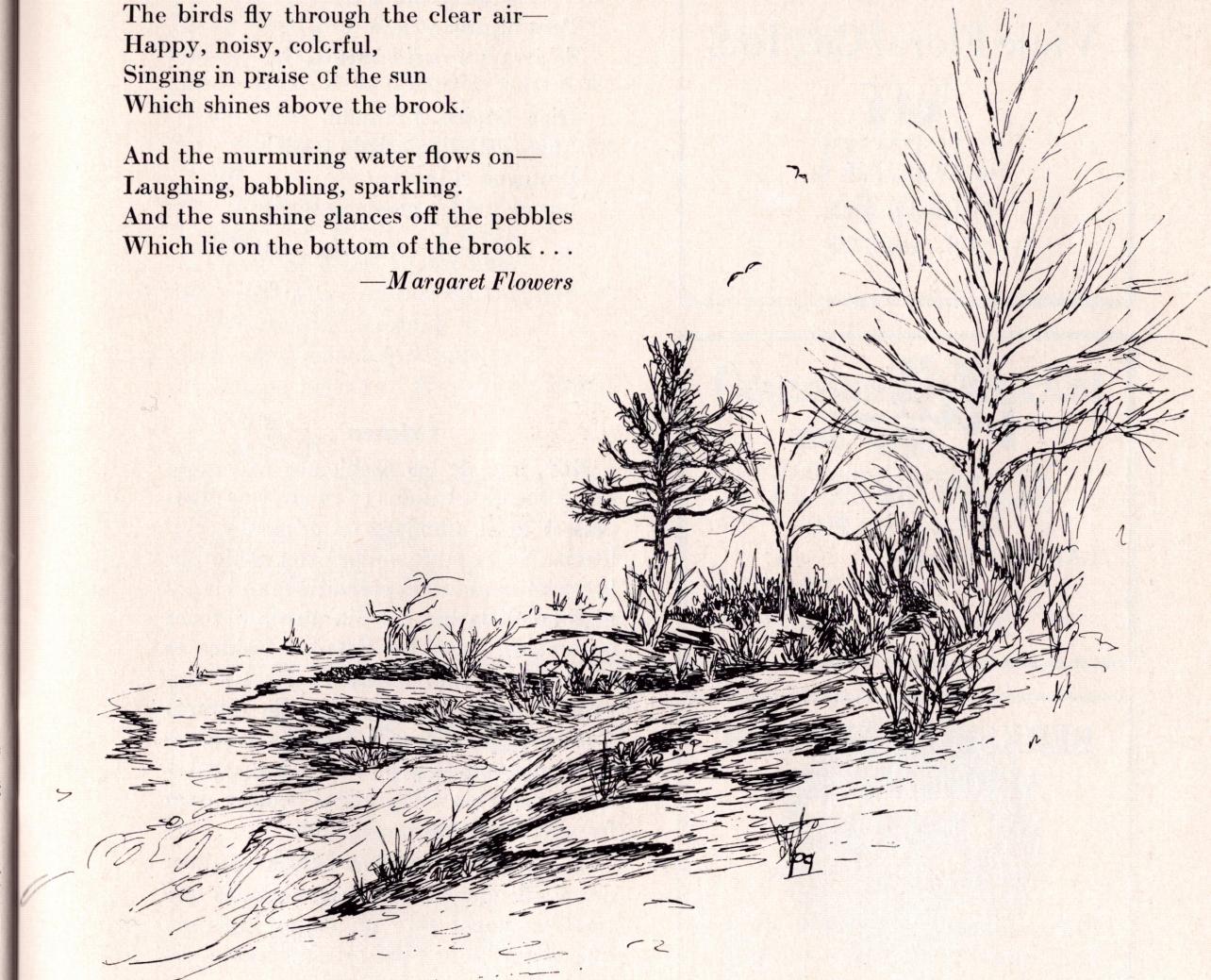
A forest of trees stands tall and proud—
Maple, birch, pine.
The branches and emerging leaves
Cast faint shadows over the brook.

The birds fly through the clear air—
Happy, noisy, colorful,
Singing in praise of the sun
Which shines above the brook.

And the murmuring water flows on—
Laughing, babbling, sparkling.
And the sunshine glances off the pebbles
Which lie on the bottom of the brook . . .

—Margaret Flowers

Paul Decelles



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Se arrasta rapidamente.

Dios, queme el mundo,
Antes esta demasiado tarde!
Protege el inocente—
Los culpables pueden esperar.

—Patricia Ann Hyde

Crimen

Hoy, uno de los problemas mas serio en los Estados Unidos (y en muchos otros paises) es el aumento de crimen y violencia. No es salvo andar calle abajo por la noche en nuestras ciudades grandes—y ni siquiera la luz del dia puede detener criminales. Pero, los Estados Unidos es afortunado tener muchos aparatos mecanicos para la prevencion de crimen. Por ejemplo, tenemos alarmas ladrones que avisaron la policia de robos atentados y cameras fotograficas ocultas para fotografiar los reos.

Tambien hay muchos policias dedicados y oficiales de nuestras ciudades que trataron hacer este un mejor lugar en que vivir. i Por eso sostenga su policia local por favor!

—Janet Groat

German in One Easy Lesson

tun—what 6 books weigh
Kinder—what the teachers ought to be
am—the morning session
Boot—tall shoe saver
sich—what one look at the physics final makes you feel
war—parent-teen-ager relations
krank—how Mr. Blowe gets chemistry questions done
Tanz—what a sunlamp does
Mutter—how to repeat a French sentence you didn't understand
Rock—large grey stone
welches—grape juice
guter—where all of Pittsfield's snow accumulates
See—what you can't do skiing in a blizzard
leer—to scorn
Zimmer—how to brown a steak
um—well used oral report filler
die—what you'd rather do than get up
6:00 Monday morning
gutes—Abdominal fortitude
Bett—main source of New York State's income
nu—nicht alt

Brief—what answers on essay tests tend to be
Jacken—the beanstalk
dumm—what this article is

—Ceci Hermann

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How about a Student-Teacher day?

Students and teachers were asked what they thought of a day when students would take the place of the teachers and administrators.

Mr. Caulfield—"I think it would be enjoyable!"

Donna Burton—"It would be a ball!"

Mr. Pellerin—"Utter chaos!"

Ed Stomski—"Phenomenal! (As Rick Russo would say.)"

Miss O'Donnell—"We have one every fifth period."

Theresa Mangiardi—"A cool way to get back at the teachers."

Candy Vacchino—"It would really be great because it would give the kids a chance to defeat the teachers and give them a taste of their own medicine."

Miss Caulfield—"For it!" ("If I could think of something funny I would tell you.")

Cheryl Hughs—"It would be kinda good."

Hutch—"Throw out anybody over thirty!"

Mr. Boteze—"Could be worse than it is now!"

Mr. Fox—"Fall of Pompei all over again!"

Mr. Wilson—"Can we act like the students?"

Caren Utzig—"The students wouldn't teach."

Carol Lausier—"The teachers wouldn't agree to it."

Chris Kirk—"The school would be a state of bedlam."

Dyann Laurin—"There wouldn't be anyone there to teach."

Mr. Catignani—

If done in a serious and conscientious manner, it could be a worthwhile project. It would certainly give the participants an idea of what is involved in running a

school, both from an administrative viewpoint and from the classroom viewpoint. Unfortunately, one day's experience would give the students only a glimpse at a small percentage of the many details involved. Also, only a few of the students would be the benefactors of this project.

Allowing the students to run the school could help answer the often asked questions such as: "Why do they do this in this way?" or, "Why do we have to do this?", and "Why can't we do such and such?"

Many industries in today's business world have listened to young adults and have used their suggestions successfully. For many years, the Boy Scouts of America have been conducting an Annual Scout Government Day. On their day, they conduct a municipal government. This program has been beneficial to the boys, to the community office holders, and to the community itself.

It would be very interesting to see what kind of program our students would carry out. It is quite possible that some very good ideas may be derived from it. We could try this project once, bearing in mind that its only purpose is to show the students what is involved in school administration. Using an old-age adage, we have nothing to lose, and everything to gain.

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Debbie Hoffman—A very contagious disease

Bill Calderwood—Track boy after first practice

Pam Harris—A low mark on college boards

Frank Fish—It's what I feel like when I come to school.

Jim McManama—Student council after meeting with Mr. Murphy

Steve Gerardi—A lump

Carol Lausier—The end of the alphabet messed up

Pam Potter—A new kind of cheer

Chris Kirk—Something written on an alchemist's bottle

Joyce Levine—A new marking system

Karen Intellsano—A signal to stop talking when your boyfriend comes by.

Randy Rocca—An achievement test that you take in homeroom.

Sue Rosenbaum—Fake fingernails

Marti Magner—The noise my car makes when I start it.

Ellen Goodrich—A new kind of ice-cream at the Friendly

Pam Boxer—A new drug?

Gene Fitzgerald—Another one of those four letter words

Theresa Mangiardi—Mr. Murphy's team!

Lynda Giftos—A light bulb

Jill Marmorek—A martian's sports car

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Number 3



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